

Of Interest to Every Woman

Edited by Martha Westover



SUNDAY MENU

Breakfast.	Cereal
Grapefruit	Broiled, Kipped Herrings
Crisp Toast	in Drawn Butter
Dinner.	Coffee
Oysters	Mulligatawny Soup
Radishes	Apple Sauce
Glazed Sweet Potatoes	Pears
Lettuce Salad	English Cheese
Plum Pudding	Coffee
Supper.	Deviled Eggs
Chicken Salad	Ham
Jelly Tarts	Tea

New Indian Animal Stories

When the Animals Came Back Through the Sun's Door

By John M. Oskison.



Children, get out your water-color paint-box and color up these pictures.

Long time ago, as the sun went down behind the hills in the mountains, the old men would take the little boys of an Indian tribe to a quiet place outside the camp and say to them: "Listen! Soon you will hear the call of the messenger of the Thunder Boys. And when the quail began to pipe, the old men would tell this story:

"After the two sons of the Wise Man, the Wild Boy, who lived in the trees, had let all the animals out of the cave, and after they had scattered over the world, so many men became hunters and hunted the animals so much that the animals needed in council that they would go away.

"At last the quail, who lived right beside the people and ate the corn from their hands. The quail said:

"I will stay.

"So all the others went off to the country in the West beyond the sun's door, where the hunters could not follow them. And then the quail which the people had loved so much, and which everyone had hungered and hunted for, the hunters went everywhere, but could not find any of them.

"Except the quail, and the quail was so friendly that they would not kill it. And the quail said:

"You must send for the Thunder Boys, who live in the West beyond the sun's door, and ask them how to get back the animals. I will be your messenger."

"So just as the sun was going down, the quail sang her song and flew away through that gate in the mountains, which is the sun's door.

"Next morning the two Thunder Boys came to the people and heard what they wanted.

"We will teach you seven songs to sing," said the Thunder Boys, "and

MAKING READY FOR A GLAD CHRISTMAS

Numerous Charming Things Are Made From Little Odds and Ends.

Have you thought about getting ready for Christmas? Too early? Not a bit. If you have a long list, a light purse, and your time wholly yours, it behooves you to write a carefully condensed list of such things as you can afford; otherwise there will be no real joy on either side. To the rich friends who have everything to send a card, hand-colored, so it will be individual, or a nice little note.

Gifts From His.

Do as I did. Get out the treasured scrap box with lace, embroidery, silk and ribbon; seemingly useless bits they have wonderful possibilities!

With the addition of a few little extras, plenty of tissue paper, baby ribbon and few boxes, a great deal of love getting ready for Christmas will be a happy time this year, and no wonder! Grandpa gets a silk handkerchief made from a square of China silk, hemstitched, and his initial in the corner. (Grandpa, a big, old-fashioned fellow, a centerpiece, four plates and four tumbler doilies, made of linen left from her suit, the edges buttonholed, a row of large dots above it, and her initial on the centerpiece; this took a long while, but it is really handsome, and cost but thirty cents for cotton.

Belt for Sister.

For older sister two embroidered belts, and a neckpiece to match, from strips of linen, are good, while for brother a pillow for his chair, made of red burlap, left from living-room curtains, with a conventional design embroidered in "Bulgarian" colors, is very good. Little sister will like a workbag from a quarter of a yard of crocheted linen left from mother's curtains, finished with bone rings, bag filled with odds and ends of pieces to make doll clothes.

Nearest ones being looked after, I commenced working for friends; a surprisingly small piece of orkranide and two yards of inch-wide lace were converted into a dainty apron with strings of the same; an eighteen-inch square of Swiss did duty for a holder; and the lace sewed around it a casing served to draw it up; turn the two front points back and tack them to the crown. Two pieces of all-over embroidered ivory left from sister's blouse, joined in the back with insertion, edged with narrow lace, was fashioned into a smart collar.

Bonnet for Baby.

I nearly forgot the sweet little baby bonnet made of a thirteen-inch square of white adiantum; it is all around lace on rather full, brier-stitched, with heavy embroidery silk, the two ends tacked together; it will look like a bag now. Make four tiny plaits, one (flower) side to form the neck; put it on a baby or hold it over father's fist, you can form it into a bonnet and sew its make rosettes of baby ribbon to go where the strings are attached, and one for the top, also.

Oh, the delight of it all! Save the clean boxes, wrap each article in tissue paper, put it in the box with your card or a small sheet of good writing paper on which you have written some suitable message; wrap each box in plenty of tissue paper, tie prettily with baby ribbon, and as you proceed, fill the packages heavily to overflowing with good, bright thoughts and messages of love, so that on Christmas day your "joy may be full."

These articles are not "very handsome" of course. The idea is simply to suggest how much can be done from little when love and the real desire to give is back of the undertaking.

M. W.



All skirts except those for evening wear are walking length, and all are soft about the feet.

A noticeable feature of the new costume is black and the smart black-and-white combinations.

Among the newest tailored suits we find those with skirts of plaid and jackets of plain material.

Black and white, black and blue and black and gold are popular combinations of color in millinery.

There are many beautiful gowns in rich-colored velvets worn with black and tangerine-colored hats.

Blouses have long sleeves, sloping shoulders, semi-long neck lines and fur, lace and embroidery trimmings.



Black Velvet Hat with Umbrella-Shaped Feather.

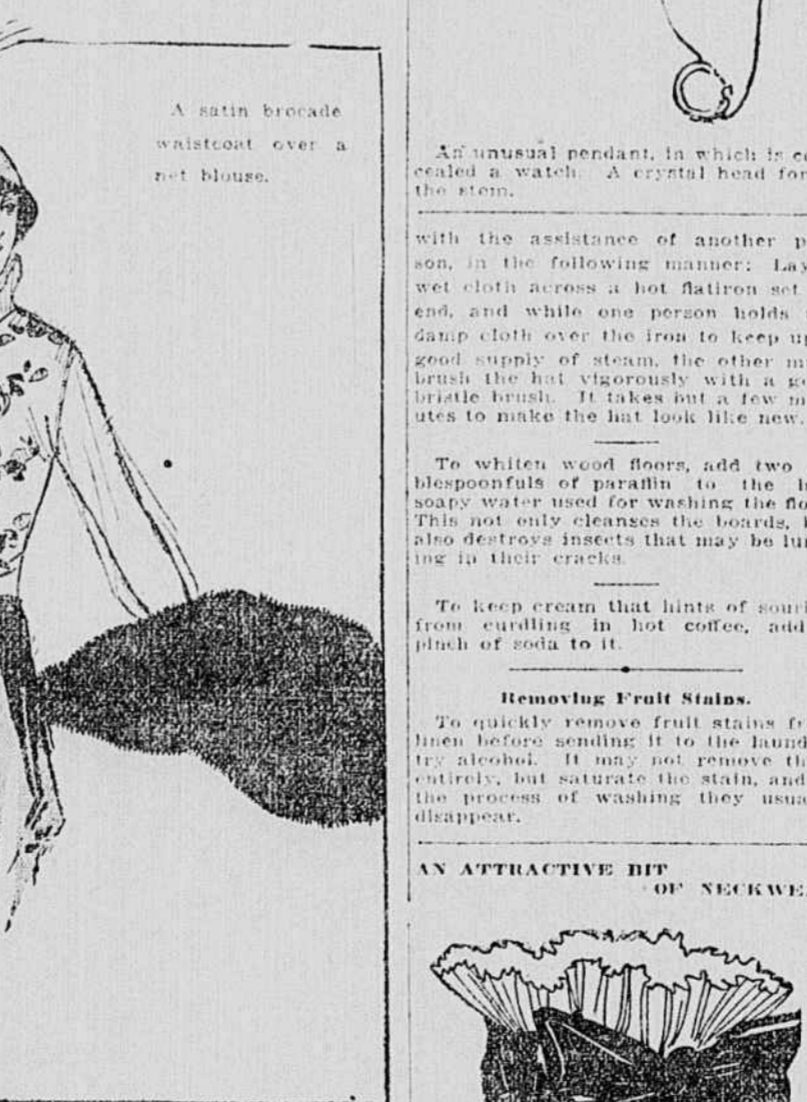
SOME SAVORY SAUCES

A savory sauce is often the salvation of a mediocre meat or vegetable dish. No cook, of course, should depend on a sauce to cover up the defects of the cooking. But cheap cuts of meat, vegetables that are not full of taste and flavor, and leftover meats and vegetables can all be greatly improved by the addition of a good sauce. And any sauce, whether it is to give flavor to some somewhat tasteless dish or whether it is simply to bring out the best flavor of a juicy roast or a chicken, should be carefully made, with due regard to the dish with which it is to be served.

Prepared Sauce. Is inexpensive, easily made and tempting in taste and texture. To make it put a slice of bread in two cups of water—a slice of bread half an inch thick. Chop an onion and add and boil the mixture. Season with pepper. Rub through a fine sieve and put it in a small saucepan. Add salt, a tablespoonful of butter and a few tablespoonfuls of cream. Bring to the boiling point once and serve hot.

Mayonnaise Sauce. or dressing as it is more usually called, is always useful for dressing cold meats and vegetables. Try this recipe. Beat the yolks of three raw eggs until they are creamy. Then add a saltspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of dry mustard, a little cayenne pepper and enough olive oil, added slowly, to make it thick and creamy. Then thin it with a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar and half a teaspoonful of lemon-juice. Add a little onion or garlic juice.

M. W.



The little hat is the thing, posed over one ear, reaching high in a curved, turned-up effect on the other.

The bodices of all evening frocks are as delicate and sheer as possible. Tulle over sprigged net is first in favor.

Yellow is the most popular color in Paris at the present time. It is used as a relief color for millinery and gowns.

For Squarish Hinges.

The creaking of a door may be instantly stopped by rubbing the hinge with a piece of soap. It does not spoil the look of the paint, as is often the case when oil is used.

THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Charles Randall had been a candidate for the New York State Assembly, but had been defeated. He was now a wealthy man, and had been married to a woman who was as beautiful as he was rich. He was now a wealthy man, and had been married to a woman who was as beautiful as he was rich.

"Yes and no," he replied, with a profound sigh. "That is to say, she's interested in him, and he isn't interested in her—in the way I take you to mean. I suspect it's an easy matter for a girl to fall in love with Brandy. He's a corking fine chap."

"Then it would be very nice for Vivian, eh?"

"Oh, quite so—quite so. His forbears came over with Noah, according to mother. You know mother, Sara."

"Indeed I do," said she with conviction.

He laughed without restraint. "Mother can rattle off the best families in the Bible without missing a name, beginning with the House of Adam. Of course, she knows the Clintons and the Cartletons and the Murgatroids, although I dare say they haven't had much to do with the Bible. Come to think of it, she did go to the trouble of looking up the Cartleton family in the Dabrett."

"She did?" exclaimed Sara, with a slight narrowing of the eyes.

"Yes. She established the connection all right enough. She's keen for Miss Cartleton."

"Oh," said she, relieved. After a moment: "And you?"

"I'm mad about her," he said simply, and then, for some unaccountable reason, gave over being laconic and lapsed into a state of almost luxurious quiet.

She glanced at his face, furtively at first, as if uncertain of his mood, then with a prolonged stare that was frankly curious and amused.

"Don't lose your head, Leslie," she said softly, almost purringly.

He started. "Oh, I say, Sara, I'm not likely to—"

"Stranger things have happened," she interrupted, with a shake of her head. "I can't afford to have you making love to her and getting tired of the game, as you always do. I don't want to see you as you did when you were a young man. She is too dear to be hurt in that way. You mustn't—"

"God Lord!" he cried, "what a boundary must that be! Why, if I thought she'd be so—"

"Talk about something else. Yourself, for instance."

He leaned back with a smile on his lips, but not in her eyes, and drew a long, deep breath. He was hard hit. That was what she wanted to know.

"They found Booth at the inn. He was sitting on the old-fashioned porch, surrounded by bags and boxes. He had climbed into the car after the boxes, the boys grinned and jingled the coins in their pockets and ventured, almost in unison, the intelligence that they would all be there if he ever came back again. Big and little, they had transported his case and canvases from place to place for three weeks or more and his departure was to be regarded as a financial calamity."

"I could go to ten churches this summer if that many of 'em was to come to town," said one small citizen as Greens rode away in a cloud of village dust.

"Gee, I wish to goodness he'd come back," was the soulful cry of another.

"I don't like them pictures he paints, though, do you?" observed another, more critical than avaricious.

"Naw," was the scornful reply, also in unison.

From which it may be gathered that Mr. Brandon Booth was not cherished for art's sake alone, but for its relation to Mammon.

The object of their comments was making himself agreeable to the lady who was to be his hostess for the next few days. Leslie, perhaps in the desire to be alone with his hostess, sat forward with the chauffeur, and said little or no heed to that unhappy person's comments on the vile condition of all things thoroughfares, New York City included.

"By the way, Sara," he said, suddenly, "I don't like them pictures he paints, though, do you?"

"Naw," was the scornful reply, also in unison.

"To keep cream that hints of souring from curdling in hot coffee, add a pinch of soda to it."

Removing Fruit Stains.

To quickly remove fruit stains from linen before sending it to the laundry, rub alcohol. It may not remove them entirely, but saturate the stain, and in the process of washing they usually disappear.

AN ATTRACTIVE HIT OF NECKWEAR

Leslie Booth was standing near the foot of the stairs. There was an eager smile on his face, and he was slowly waving his hand to the woman who was coming up the stairs.

"Of course, I managed to get in a bit of nature, even at that," said he with a smile. "Boys are pretty close to earth, you know. To be perfectly honest, I did it in order to get away from the eminently beautiful, but unattractive things I'm required to paint at home."

"Your subjects wouldn't care for that," she warned him, in some amusement.

"Oh, as to that, the comments of the boys on the things I did up here weren't altogether flattering to me, so I'm chastened. They were more than frank about them. We'll see how they like them."

"Where are the canvases?"

"I immortalized them, one and all, by destroying them by fire and sword, only the sword happened to be a pen-knife. They made a most excellent bonfire."

"And so, you've nothing to show for your fortnight?"

"Oh, yes. A most desirable invitation to forget my failures at your expense."

"Proof?"

"I don't blame you. It was insane. Still, I can't help saying, Mrs. Randall, that it is a desirable invitation."

(To Be Continued.)